

# OUR DUMB ANIMALS



A NATIONAL AND  
INTERNATIONAL MAGAZINE ~  
"WE SPEAK FOR THOSE  
THAT CANNOT SPEAK FOR  
THEMSELVES"

U.S. TRADE MARK REGISTERED

THE MASSACHUSETTS  
SOCIETY FOR THE PREVENTION  
OF CRUELTY TO ANIMALS ~  
THE AMERICAN HUMANE  
EDUCATION SOCIETY

Vol. 47

No.

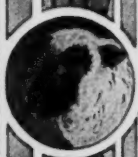
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JUNE, 1914

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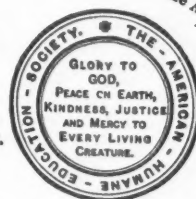
# Our Dumb Animals

U. S. Trade Mark, Registered  
FOUNDED BY GEO. T. ANGELL IN 1868, AND FOR FORTY-ONE YEARS EDITED BY HIM  
The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, The American Humane Education Society, and The American Band of Mercy



I would not enter on my list of friends,  
Though graced with polished manners  
and fine sense,  
Yet wanting sensibility, the man  
Who needlessly sets foot upon a worm.

—Cowper.



Vol. 47

Boston, June, 1914

No. 1

## Saint Francis of Assisi

By MARSHALL SAUNDERS

Sweet Saint Francis of Assisi  
Would that thou wert here again!"

is a couplet frequently on my lips, but until lately I have never read a life of this wonderful man who was so good a friend to birds and beasts and humankind.

Beginning from the time when he was a wild young soldier, singing with his friends through the streets of the town of Spoleto, his history is a marvelous one. For in the midst of his revelry, he was turned back by a vision, and falling into an ecstasy, "it repented him that he had so grievously sinned, nor could he take pleasure either in the past nor in the present for he had not yet received assurance that he would refrain from sin in the future."

A little later, while praying in a ruinous church, he heard these words, "Francis, seest thou not that my house is being destroyed? Go therefore and repair it."

And he trembling and astonished, said, "Gladly will I do it, O Lord!"

From that hour his heart was bruised and melted, and, taking in a literal sense the command to repair God's house, he begged in Assisi for stones which he carried on his shoulders to repair the church of St. Damian.

He wooed "the Lady Poverty," and begged his food from door to door. Soon, disciples joined him, and gave up all their worldly possessions. This devoted band of men preached with fervor, and vast numbers of persons were converted. This all happened about the year 1212.

The influence of St. Francis became more and more far-reaching, owing firstly, to his absolute devotion to the person of his Lord and Master, and secondly, to his own loving personality. The very success of his movement in later years frustrated some of his early plans for his order, but for that St. Francis cannot be held responsible. For a lover of animals, his great interest lies in the fact that his intense religious devotion did not interfere with his care of those who could not

speak for themselves. Good St. Francis loved every created thing. There are still monks who guard his rocky retreat up in the hills back of Assisi, and when my sister visited them two years ago, they talked much to her of the saint, and later sent her narcissus and cyclamen bulbs that she planted in her garden in Rochester, New York. They also sent her pictures of the trees where the little birds sat when St. Francis preached his memorable sermon to them.

"My sisters the birds," he said, "much are ye beholden to God your creator, and alway and in every place ought ye to praise Him, because He hath given you liberty to fly, and hath clothed you with twofold and threefold raiment. Moreover, He preserved your seed in the ark, and He feedeth you and giveth you rivers and fountains wherein to drink."

At the end of his sermon, the birds "began to open their beaks, and to stretch out their necks, and to spread their wings, and reverently to bow their heads even unto the ground, and to show by their motions and their songs that the holy Father gave them very great delight. Then he made over them the sign of the Cross, and they flew into the air 'with wondrous songs.'"

Even more interesting to me than the bird sermon is the story of "the very fierce wolf of Agobio."

This wolf devoured not only animals, but also men and women and "for dread of him no one dared to leave the city."

St. Francis, making the sign of the Cross, took the road to the wolf's retreat. The wolf made at him with open mouth, whereupon St. Francis advanced toward him, "Come hither, friar wolf. I command thee in Christ's name that thou do no harm to me nor to any other." O marvelous thing! Scarcely had St. Francis made the sign of the Cross than the terrible wolf came and laid himself down at the feet of the holy man.

Now, just here I would say to doubters, that about the year of our Lord 1908, I heard an animal lover in the city of Boston assert that he did not believe any wild creature would injure any man who would confront him with absolute fearlessness. He cited his own case when he had gone among rattlesnakes and had received no injury.

To continue the story of the wolf. He went like a gentle lamb to the piazza with St. Francis, who, shrewd loving old saint as he was, took occasion to preach a sermon to the assembled multitude, using the conquered wild beast as an illustration.

At the close of the sermon, friar wolf by gentle movements of his body, tail, and ears gave assent to a covenant of peace with the people of Agobio. Thereafter, the said wolf lived two years in the town neither doing injury to any one, nor receiving any, and never did any dog bark after him. Finally he died of old age and, some hundreds of years later, "while making some alterations in the Via del Globo the skull of a wolf was found precisely on the spot pointed out by tradition as the burial-place of the beast."

Another pretty story about St. Francis is that he chanced to meet a youth who had many turtle-doves to sell.

Said the saint, "Good youth, I pray thee give them to me, that birds so gentle which in the Scriptures are likened unto chaste and humble and faithful souls, come not into the hands of cruel men who would slay them."

"And St. Francis went and made nests for them all, and they hatched forth their young, and so tame and familiar were they that they might have been domestic fowls."

Later on, the youth who had had them became a friar and served Jesus Christ with all his heart.

Once a hawk assisted St. Francis in continuing a fast. Every night, a little before matins, it awakened the saint by beating itself against his cell. However, when the holy man was "more weary than usual or weak or sick, this hawk after the manner of a discreet and compassionate person, uttered its cry later than it was wont to do." St. Francis "took great joy of this bird because it drove away from him all sloth. Sometimes in the daytime it would familiarly sit with him."

These stories of St. Francis have been oft repeated, but it does us who love the beasts and the birds good to retell them. My object in repeating them is to urge on lovers of all humanity a reading of the life of this wonderful man in order that we may learn lessons of devotion, of humanity, of patience, and of self-abnegation.

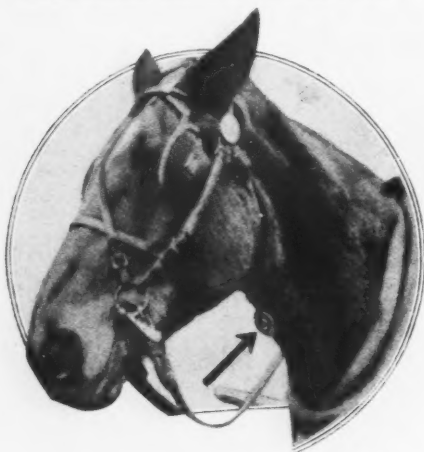
Miss Marshall Saunders, long a resident of Halifax, Nova Scotia, is one of the best known and most prolific writers of animal stories for young readers and has been a frequent contributor to *Our Dumb Animals*. In 1894 she was awarded a prize by the American Humane Education Society for "Beautiful Joe," which has become the most popular dog story ever written.



## THE JUNKMAN'S HORSE

By HELEN M. RICHARDSON

Along the crowded city street he passed;  
His halting hoof-beats to the listening ear  
Sounding a wordless rhythm of appeal.  
Anon the hissing whip-lash sought his back,  
Matched with a curse to urge his lagging steps.  
Lame, halt and blind, the junkman's weary horse  
The city pavements treads at early morn,  
At noonday and at night with no surcease  
Save for a few hours in unbedded stall,  
Hungry, uncared-for and companionless.  
He asks but little—this dumb, willing beast—  
And yet that little is to him denied.  
Could he but feel a hand with gentle touch  
Upon his tired back at eventide,—  
Could hear a word of comradeship, forsooth,  
When, pausing for his noonday meal he stands,  
Alike 'neath scorching sun and wintry blast,—  
His ageing muscles might again relax  
To renewed effort; for all humankind  
Respond to love in whatsoever guise.  
I wonder when the gates ajar shall swing  
A little wider, if we may not know  
Why God hath made the beast to suffer so,  
While man with intellect at his control,  
Though erstwhile master, claims he has a soul.



## SAVED BY AN OPERATION

This cut from a photograph tells its own story. As silver tubes have been inserted into men's throats to overcome difficulty in breathing, so it seems it is possible to relieve horses the same way. The picture was sent us by the courtesy of the *Horseshoers' Journal*. F.H.R.

## THE STITCH IN TIME

A sore shoulder or breast on his horse is a reproach to the owner. It means carelessness or indifference or ignorance. Harnesses that are kept clean and that fit do not make sores when horses are properly worked. Do not try to make a collar fit by using pads, they sweat the shoulders and make them tender. Throw away the pads and buy collars that are the right size, keep them clean, don't overcrowd the horses the first few days of spring work, and you will have no trouble from galls or sores. F.H.R.

## FOR HORSES IN SUMMER

A good friend of our Society has a picture of a beautiful horse which she has pasted on the cover of a box, in the top of which is a slit, and into which all her friends are invited to drop money for the aid of Boston horses during the summer. She suggests that this idea, carried out by other friends of the Society, may be a means of obtaining money for the benefit of horses during the hot summer months.

## A PRAYER OF THE SPRINGTIME

By BOUCK WHITE in *Good Housekeeping Magazine*

**I** AM thinking today, O Lord, of the living things of the field. Spring-time is on the earth. In song and nest-making and the gathering of food, birds are active. The animals of the wild call to each other. Love wakes and trembles as at a new creation, and whatsoever has the sap of life is animated into lively force.

It has put me upon thinking; has made me to feel a responsibility toward these. For I am the connecting link between them and you. Perhaps that is what mankind is for. We inhabit two realms—with our bodies, the kingdom of the seen; with our minds, the kingdom of the unseen. Man is the middle form that links earth and sky together. Then I, O Lord, am a kind of little god to these furry and feathered folk. They can see you only through me. It makes me stand in awe of the power you have given me. Their dumb asking eyes look up into mine, sort of in the same way that I look up to you. They are afraid of me—I am of such power, and they are weak. Also my wisdom exceeds their dark understandings, as your wisdom exceeds mine.

If I am to be a little providence to these, and stand to them in your stead, help me, O God, to play the part. As I wouldn't like to have you scare me, teach me never to scare them. And they are so easily scared—timid, fluttering things, seeing but a short way, and their minds all confused. Horses and cattle and birds, domestic animals and the wild, their lives are bound up in my hand, even as my life is bound up in your hand. Help me to win their confidence. As you are patient with me, cause me to be patient with them. As you are never cruel toward me, forbid that I should ever be thoughtless or cruel toward them. Their little brains will make mistakes—even as I, in your sight. Teach me to bear with them, that my gentleness may make them great.

And this will be my plea, O God, when at the last I stand up before you to be judged: Treat me the same way in which I have treated the dumb animals over which you have trusted me with dominion. And against that day, make me kind. Amen.

## A MERCIFUL MAN

A dealer in milch cows, known to us, recently showed his kindness of heart in a very evident manner. He had owned some years a pair of white-faced Hereford oxen. For two years, having no use for them, he had had them boarded rather than sell them for slaughter. Finally a few weeks ago he felt he could not longer afford to board them and would have to dispose of them for beef. So opposed was he, however, to the Jewish method that he sold them at a large sacrifice when he could make sure they would die a painless death. They were entrusted to our agents who were to see them humanely killed. They were shot, dying instantly, and without a second's conscious pain.

The ancient Greek did even better than this—perhaps he could better afford to:

"Alkon's ox is worn and old,  
He hath gained him grain and gold.  
Must he to the shambles go?  
'Nay,' saith Alkon, 'never so—  
He hath served me at the plow  
I'll be grateful to him now,  
His declining days shall pass  
Knee-deep in the pleasant grass.'"

F.H.R.

## WAR

What is war? Look! There it is yonder on that field blood-soaked and death-strewn. There, where bullets hiss and cannon roar, where gatling guns hurl out their deadly bullets at the rate of three thousand a minute, where screaming shells charged with peroxylene burst into a leaden rain of deadly missiles sweeping away every vestige of life for a space of two hundred yards; there, where men, mangled, mutilated beyond recognition, writhe and groan and die; there, where pain-maddened horses expire in lingering torture,—there you may find the answer to the question, "What is war?"

To take a nation's youth, strong and brave, generally its toilers in mill and factory and shop who have no more grievance against their fellows whom they are bidden kill than against their next-door neighbors, to take these who brought on no quarrel, have no political, nor financial, nor any other selfish end to gain, and send them to the battle's front to murder and be murdered,—and to do it in the name of patriotism, claiming the Eternal Righteousness is on your side,—this is war.

To rend, riddle, dismember, your human brother, and to do this under the sanction of law—this is war.

To break the hearts of women and crush them beneath wasting loads of care, to put the fire out on a thousand hearths, to create an army of fatherless children in a day, and to do it legally, thanking the good God that you have done all this to your neighbor before he did it to you—this is war.

To waste the fruit of human toil, generations of it in a day, to sack and pillage city and town, to trample ripening and golden harvests, to turn a paradise of hillside and valley into a flame-swept, blackened landscape sodden with human blood, and to sing *Te Deums* when it is over—this is war.

To settle the quarrels of nations by might and not right, by machines that wipe out human lives at the rate of a thousand a minute, when all could have been settled by a half-dozen honest, clear-headed men, without the firing of a gun or the destruction of a single life,—this is the shame, the crime against man and God which Christian men call war.

If fathers and mothers whose sons may some day be summoned into a war brought on by men who will never go themselves to be shot to pieces, would but read the story of a twentieth century field of battle, and see for but a single moment, in imagination, their boys the victims of that merciless onslaught of bullets, dynamite, lyddite—see their scorched, dismembered bodies, look into their anguished faces, hear their dying groans, there would be no more war from henceforth, forever. F.H.R.

## BY DISEASE AND EXPOSURE

The U. S. Department of Agriculture tells us that last year hogs to the value of \$73,000,000 died from disease and exposure, more than 90 per cent. of the loss being from hog cholera. Eight hundred million pounds of dressed meat and lard are represented by these 7,005,000 head of swine that never went to market. The country is experiencing its third severe period of hog cholera. The famous "serum" remedy does not seem able to stay the ravages of this disease.

The loss in cattle from disease and exposure is reckoned at \$68,611,000; in sheep \$8,581,000; in horses and mules \$59,100,000.

These losses are enormous, and apart from their relation to the high cost of living involve a vast amount of animal suffering. Animal hospitals will help some day to solve this problem of loss and suffering. F.H.R.

Remember the Massachusetts S. P. C. A. in your will

## Hospitals for Animals in New York



**I**N making our plea for our Angell Memorial Animals' Hospital we have often spoken of the activities put forth in New York in the direction of hospitals for animals. This is the latest phase of humane work. It is one more step forward. Once it was much just to protect the animal from his tormentors. Now to care for him when sick or injured, if his value to his owner warrants it, is demanded by a deepening sense of what humanity and kindness mean. Surely kindness to those who not only cannot ask for it but cannot even thank you for your ministry is as near like the goodness of the Eternal as we ever come.

It must be remembered that our new building combines in itself what these New York hospitals do not—it furnishes a home for our two Societies, with their publishing and distributing departments and all their executive forces, while being also a hospital and a memorial.

The office building of the American S. P. C. A., of which Col. Alfred Wagstaff is the president, occupies a site 30 x 100 feet, at the corner of Madison Avenue and 26th Street, New York. This was opened as the headquarters of the Society in January, 1898. The structure is four stories and basement, with a full-size fifth floor, or attic, not shown in the illustration, which is used for storage purposes. The basement is given up to agents' quarters, locker rooms, wash rooms, drying room, boiler room, etc. The first floor is occupied by the superintendent's office and complaint department at the 26th Street end, and the dog license department at the other end of the building. On the third floor are the president's office, which is used as a Board room, general manager's office, cashier's department, and general business offices. There is a completely equipped library on the third floor, and a fireproof vault for the storage of the Society's records. Part of this floor and the entire fourth floor, as well as part of the attic space, are rented and bring the Society in a very good revenue.

### Hospital of American S. P. C. A.

At the southwest corner of Avenue A and 24th Street, New York City, is the dispensary, shelter

and ambulance house of the American S. P. C. A., designed and constructed under the direction of Mr. William K. Horton, general manager of the Society. This institution, opened to the public in August, 1912, was in full operation when we visited it in October of that year. So successful has this venture been that already the Society is devising means to enlarge its capacity.

In the one-story structure on the corner are the kennels and cages for the homeless, abandoned and strayed dogs and cats which come into the possession of the Society, and the lethal chamber where the unwanted, injured and diseased animals are painlessly destroyed. The construction here as elsewhere in the building represents the latest ideas in sanitation and embodies every feature for the comfort of the animals. Concrete was used wherever possible on account of its cleanliness and sanitary qualities.

The three-story building contains the ambulance house on the ground floor, where the Society's horses are stabled and where its ambulances are kept. An electric elevator of sufficient size to accommodate the largest ambulance is used to convey horses to the dispensary on the second and third floors.

The dispensary is also reached by a stairway from the office in the Avenue A end of the shelter, where the small animals brought for treatment are received. The stairway leads to a waiting room on the second floor, opening off of which are the pharmacy, examination and operating rooms for small animals. Adjacent to these are separate wards for dogs and cats, an isolation ward for small animals suffering from contagious diseases; a



HEADQUARTERS OF AMERICAN S. P. C. A.  
Madison Avenue and 26th Street, New York City

kitchen where the food for the animals is prepared, and a store-room. The remainder of this floor is given up to standing and box-stalls for horses, a colic stall, hay and grain chutes, closet and storage space.

In the addition built over the shelter is the operating room for horses, which, as well as all the stalls, is connected with an electric trolley, by means of which a horse unable to walk can be conveyed, in a sling or resting on the movable bottom-board of an ambulance, to the operating table or any other part of the building desired.

On the third floor are isolation stalls for horses found to be suffering from contagious diseases, or to develop suspicious cases. Here are also the janitor's living quarters, a bedroom for the resident veterinary; hay and feed loft, store room, wagon space, and a repair shop for automobiles.

The stable on the ground floor can be pressed into service in an emergency, and a soaking stall is also located there. On the roof of the shelter there is an exercising runway for dogs, connected with the ward for dogs in the dispensary.

### Dispensary Also in Brooklyn

This Society has also provided a very fully equipped hospital for animals in its Brooklyn building, at 114 Lawrence Street. At present there are no stalls for horses, but a veterinary will be in charge at all times to examine and prescribe for any horses that are brought to the dispensary. It is intended at some future time to erect a combination office, hospital, ambulance



HOSPITAL BUILDING OF THE AMERICAN S. P. C. A.  
Corner of Avenue A and 24th Street, New York City



FREE HOSPITAL AND DISPENSARY OF THE NEW YORK WOMEN'S LEAGUE  
FOR ANIMALS, 350 LaFayette Street

house and shelter at 233 Butler Street, Brooklyn, on property recently acquired, and on part of which the Society has erected a new one-story shelter. There has been some delay in opening the Brooklyn dispensary, but it will probably be in operation by June 1.

#### Hospital of Women's League

Only last March the New York Women's League for Animals opened their Free Hospital and Dispensary at 350 Lafayette Street, for the benefit, particularly, of the working people, although it extends its welcome to all who come with animals for care and treatment.

The Hospital building is a three-story and basement structure, simple in design, practical in construction, and economical in operation. On the street floor is the receiving room for horses, where emergency cases can be treated. The office is reached from the main entrance, from which leads also the dispensary and the operating room for small animals.

The second floor is equipped as a stable with open and box-stalls. At one end is a large operating room for horses, also a soaking stall. On the top floor are the kennels and bird quarters. The dogs suffering from contagious diseases are kept in distemper and mange wards. On this floor also are the apartments of the resident veterinarian and his assistants. On the roof is an exercising yard for convalescents, and also the autopsy room. An electric elevator for the transfer of animals runs from the basement to the roof.

In the sub-basement is the destruction room where incurables are put to sleep. Another part of the basement provides stalls where horses with contagious diseases may be segregated.

The president of the Society, Mrs. James Speyer, personally visited the various hospitals abroad and from them gleaned the principal ideas which have been worked out in this institution, made possible largely through her efforts. Other officers of the League are Miss E. Mabel Clark, Mrs. Cornelius C. Cuyler, Mrs. Frederick W. Vanderbilt and Mrs. J. Dyncley Prince.

This Free Hospital and Dispensary supplements the free dispensary formerly maintained at 325 Lafayette Street, opened January 17, 1910, by the New York Women's League for Animals.

#### THE GUERNSEY COW

The front cover of this issue shows a handsome specimen of Guernsey cow which we publish through the courtesy of the American Guernsey Cattle Club of Peterboro, New Hampshire. The subject is known as Anton's Frances 27291, owned at Burnside Farm, Eccleston, Maryland. She has a year's record of 12,555.60 pounds of milk, which yielded 696.05 pounds of butter fat,—a splendid record for a four-year-old.

The Guernsey cow takes her name from the island of Guernsey. For many generations the kindest personal care has been given these cattle on their native island. The women for the most part mind the cows in the daytime and milk them at night. To this custom are the cows' gentleness, docility and productivity to be largely attributed.

#### A DUMB VOICE

By ALEXANDER LOUIS FRASER

The evening bell sets human toilers free,  
And Care soon leaves the weary father's mind  
When tiny arms about him are entwined:  
For Love can soothe the ache of Drudgery.  
I'm but a livery horse, and ne'er for me,  
Or day or night, comes what we covet—rest.  
But, soldier-like, bide Duty's stern behest  
To post afar, and uncomplainingly.

I envy those who have their usual round,  
Or plough the pasture where they played in youth;  
Or toil till stars appear unto the sound  
Of well-known voices—masters—men of ruth—  
Vain wish! But, sons of men, may thought be given  
To all who wear our badge, and oft o'erdriven!

#### JOHN BERGH'S "DAISY"

This story of a horse, whose owner honors the name of Bergh, is told in the "Talk of the Town" column of the Boston *Herald*, as follows:

It's a wise horse that knows her own age, but in Copley square Saturday I met one that told me twice how old she was—once with swings of her off fore foot, once with swings of her near fore foot—nine years each time. This, I should add, was upon request by her driver.

There are many teamsters with a right to be proud of their horses, but this well trained horse's driver is a head above the rest. For when the gray mare was put into his charge two years ago she was a condemned runaway, scuffed and scarred, with muscle ruptures and wind boils—a mere salvage from the tanners. But with nursing and with fussing and with firm, straightforward driving, John Bergh gradually smoothed her up and taught her self-possession in traffic jams and gave her a new trust in men with whips. And "Daisy" on her own part responded to his care and kindness, until last May, when she went to her South Boston stable from the work-horse parade, she wore a shining first prize. Yesterday this mark of honor was dangling from her hames-strap. For the crowd the medal was a recognition of good looks; but to John Bergh it must have had a fragrance as of countless rubbed-in liniments, and a gleam of grateful eyes.



OPERATING ROOM FOR DOGS IN HOSPITAL OF NEW YORK WOMEN'S  
LEAGUE FOR ANIMALS



## THE UNIVERSAL LANGUAGE

By JAKE H. HARRISON

There is a language that the dumb can speak,  
A tongue that all the world can understand,  
The oldest language earth has ever known,  
A language common all throughout the land.

It has no sounds to vibrate on the air,  
And find their way into the human ear,  
Although it speaks in accents of its own,  
In such a way, that even hearts may hear.

The weary horse, from thirst and hunger weak,  
Can use this voice to make his mute appeal,

The patient ox, an uncomplaining beast,  
May with it sometimes make his master feel;

The mangy cur, unfriended and forlorn,  
Speaks with it as we coldly pass him by,  
It is the tongue invented for the dumb,  
God's universal language of the eye.

All hearts attune with love, this language heed,  
And answer it in kind, and with a smile,

They pause, the silent speaker to engage  
In friendly conversation for a while;

And when they go again their kindly way,  
Quite often blinded with a dewy haze,  
The mute farewell that follows them afar,  
Is sure to be a long, and loving gaze.

Ye human hearts, attune yourselves to love,  
And speak this kindly language of the eye,  
Be friendly with our quadrupedal friends,  
And heed their lonely, pleading, silent cry;  
Train hand and heart and eye to tenderness,  
Hold not your fellow-feeling longer numb,  
Communicate with them through heart and eye,

And gain the loving friendship of the dumb.

## RATS THAT ARE PROTECTED

THERE are few places in all the world where the rat does not bear an evil reputation, but in the copper region of Michigan, where for many months the miners have been on strike, these rodents, so universally despised, and causing so much danger to health and damage to property everywhere else, are regarded differently. In the shafts of the copper mines hundreds of feet below the surface dwells a species of rat that never sees the light of day and is held in high appreciation by the miners. It is because these underground rodents are valuable to sanitation, preventers rather than carriers of disease. They indulge in no depredations for the reason they exist within rockbound walls enclosing nothing possible for animals such as they to destroy.

The rats are the scavengers of the mines. They keep the workings clear of refuse. They are protected by the men; are often fed from dinner pails and have become so accustomed to the miners that they frisk about the workers wholly unafraid, secure in the apparent realization that, while elsewhere they are hunted and slain as enemies of mankind, underground they are treated as allies and are immune from harm.

Since the prolonged strike of the copper miners the rats have suffered from famine and hence heavy mortality has resulted. At some shafts food was especially provided during the period the workings were deserted of men; but in general the rodents were left to work out their own salvation. It will be a long time before the rats regain their normal numbers. These numbers are never such that the mines are overrun. Notwithstanding no warfare is waged by man, the rat population does not grow to proportions where it becomes a menace or a nuisance. Nature apparently regulates, and cannibalism no doubt plays a part. Rats have frequented the mines for many years, and yet in no case have they become in any way undesirable.

## Spiders and Their Webs

By JENNIE E. STEWART

Photographs by courtesy of *Country Life in America*

PEOPLE of learning are pretty well agreed that the spider is the cleverest worker of all the insect world. What human weaver ever produced a fabric equal to the gossamer web of these clever little spinners? Did any carpenter ever build a home so complete, so comfortable and so perfectly suited to the needs of its occupants as the dwelling-place



HOUSE SPIDER AND NEST

Spider enlarged one-fourth, nest reduced to about one-fourth natural size

of the common spider? Did ever an engineer, after years of scientific training, construct a bridge, a trestle, or a skyscraper that could so successfully defy storm, wind, water and the strain of constant use for which it was intended as the web or snare of the little spider?

This little creature, with no school in which to learn his trade, builds his web strictly along geometric lines. He knows nothing about the laws of expansion and contraction from heat and cold, but he makes ample provision against their ravages. Swaying limbs, straining winds, or beating rains seldom find his work incapable of resisting their force.

Their traps when undisturbed by man, seldom fail to catch and hold the prey for which they were intended.

There are various sorts of spiders in our own country, and in fact every country in the world has its varieties of spiders. They play a very large part in the destruction of harmful insects for farmers the world over. Even in the homes of the city dwellers they help in ridding the place of damaging insects which would otherwise annoy the careful housekeeper. Spiders destroy no fabric by eating holes into the cloth. They harm no plants that are raised for the benefit of man. They harm no fruit.

And the stories we hear about common or black spiders harming people by their bite are almost wholly without truth. There are almost no varieties in this country, excepting the

tarantula, that will harm man by their bite.

An interesting group to study are the orb-weavers. These make webs that are circular or partly circular in form, consisting of radii and circular spirals like the spokes and rims of a wheel. Sometimes these webs are lying flat but more often they stand on edge or are hung vertically. The spiral lines are the elastic ones and are usually sticky in order that they may trap and hold their prey. If they were not elastic they would break when the insect begins to struggle for freedom.

Examine a web and notice the difference between the support lines and these elastic spiral threads.

The line-weavers build their nests similar to the orb-weavers, but instead of the spiral lines theirs are simply a net work of interlaced lines. We see these in the corners of rooms, in barns and on shrubbery. Usually you will find the spider hanging by his back from the center of the web. Often he will drop by means of his silken thread several feet below the web and there wait for his prey. The moment the web is touched he feels the tremble through his supporting thread and hastens to his dinner. Often he simply hides behind a leaf at some distance from the web, but always carries his warning thread with him. The spider has his spinnerets on the extremity of his abdomen and it is from them that he spins his web.

The tube-weavers make a tubular or cone-shaped nest with a wide spreading net over the top or spreading out from the top. These are often to be found in hedges and fence rows.

The trap-door spider is a sort of tube-weaver. He burrows beneath the ground and spins his silken net inside the hole. The tarantula is of this sort also, but he does not make a trap-door. He relies upon his venomous bite to protect himself from invaders while the trap-door spider, being harmless and timid, makes himself a trap-door for defence.

The tube of the trap-door spider is first lined with a papery substance similar to a hornet's nest,



COMMON OR BLACK SPIDER

Inhabits grass, cellars and houses

then the silk lining comes inside this. Sometimes he builds the trap door with one edge thicker than the other so that it shuts by its own weight. But mostly it is of even thickness and hung on silken hinges that stretch when it is opened and shut with a snap when he goes in or out. Sometimes this spider builds a second tube, underneath or to one side of the first with a trap door. When any enemy breaks into the first he finds an empty nest. The spider has gone into the inner chamber and shut the door which is covered over with silk and not easily to be detected.



A LINE-WEAVING SPIDER

When anyone attempts to open the trap door of a nest the spider grabs hold of the silken lining and embraces his powerful legs in the meshes lining the sides of the tube. He will not let go until his legs or head are pulled from his body.

Some of the tropical spiders are very brilliant and beautiful in color. Even in our own country the large yellow spiders with brown legs and markings are beautiful if we but lay aside the local prejudice and forget to be afraid of these perfectly harmless and useful creatures, while we take time to observe them.

There are myriads of these creatures that we never see at all. Some are red, some pale green or gray in color, and so minute as to pass unnoticed unless we look especially for them. Last year we disturbed a web which was literally swarming with tiny yellowish spiders no larger than grains of corn meal. When the web fell on the walk it looked exactly as if some one had spilled a handful of corn meal and the grains had taken to themselves long legs and were walking off.

Some morning when the dew is on if you will walk out into the field or the garden you will see millions of glistening gossamer threads glittering among the grasses, the shrubbery and underneath the leaves of all trees and plants. These are the webs of spiders and are unseen until they catch the dew and later the sun. The larger webs called cobwebs are easy enough to be seen at any time, if you but take the trouble to look about you.

What equipment has your stable in case of fire? A few buckets of water should always be kept hanging where they can be reached at a moment's notice.

#### DICK, THE FIRE VETERAN

By LOUELLA C. POOLE

'Twas noon; along the city street  
The hurrying throngs passed to and fro;  
Hushed was the roar of industry;  
Along the curb, in patient row,  
The working-horses stood at rest,  
Each tired beast well blanketed  
The while he munched the contents of  
The feed-bag tied about his head.  
Hark! hark! the clang of fire-bells!  
The fire trumpets' blatant blare!  
'Stand back! Make way!' they seemed to say,  
While shrieks of whistles filled the air!  
Then past Old Dick the engines dashed—  
Adown the street they wildly bore;  
How these reminders served to rouse  
The memories of days of yore!  
'Twas duty's call! Away! Away!  
To follow on he madly sped.  
His blanket blowing in the breeze;  
His feed-bag, settled o'er his head,  
Half blinding him; from side to side,  
He zigzagged on, poor faithful beast,  
Till, bruised and spent, and winded quite  
(For he had run a mile at least),  
His captors brought him to a halt,  
And in the crowd was not one man  
Had aught but the kindest words of praise  
For Dick, the fire veteran.  
Dear faithful Dick! What pride was his  
When duty made its old appeal!  
Sight dim, half deaf, how swift to act,  
Though misdirected was his zeal.  
More bountiful his oats that night,  
More deeply strewn with straw his bed;  
While Tom, his keeper, slyly pressed  
His cheek against that rough gray head.  
'Old Dick, my boy, you shame us all,'  
So someone near by heard him say;  
'You take the prize for faithfulness,—  
I never shall forget this day.'

#### HORSE JOINS IN DUET

Editor *Our Dumb Animals*:

It is well known that horses love music, and many of us have seen them in the circus or hippodrome, waltzing to the dance tunes, and marching to the tap of drum. But our old Jim is the star in equestrian music.

Only yesterday, as he stood tied to the rack in front of the house where Madam was practising, he became as excited as a matinee girl.

When the singer began to try the scales, old Jim began to look around. Presently she gave a bit of vocal gymnastics, and the horse shook his head, looked wild, and pawed the ground.

Next, the lovely soprano voice filled the air with clear full strains; old Jim neighed, and champed his bits and moved the cart back and forth with rapid plunges.

Then the singer tried a song with marked time. The horse became quiet, and stood there with ears erect and trembling. The music drifted into a sweet old melody, a touching and tender little cadence, when all at once Jim whinnied, gave a responsive neigh, and then commenced a duet, the like of which none of us ever heard before.

More than a hundred people collected there, drawn by the strange spectacle, and still stranger sounds of voice and piano, accompanied by the gentle neighing and head-shaking, all in perfect time and unison. And when the song ended, there was a whirlwind of applause that delighted the singer but frightened old Jim almost to death.

E. A. M.,

Carlinville, Ill.

#### A LOYAL LITTLE MARE

Faithful for eleven years in her labor to serve her master and help make his business successful, Belle, the little mare belonging to Ray Gamble, a fish dealer of this city, has entered the joys of green fields and running brooks, there to bask in peace and happiness for the remainder of her days, says the *Tribune* of Tacoma, Washington.

The story of the life of this little animal is one of loyal service to the hand that has fed her, and now as advancing age overtakes her and she is to be replaced by an automobile she is to be put on the pension list.

Day after day, through sunshine and showers, through snow and sleet and biting winds, the mare has drawn the wagon that delivered fish around town to many customers. Gentle and yet always eager to work, Belle never required much attention. She could be trusted to stand without being tied, and the children and grown-ups came to know and love her. There was seldom a day when she was not "on the job."

Well cared for, her health was always good and it was never necessary to send for the doctor. Her teeth are still sound and good, and no dentist has ever had to "perform" on her mouth. Her four hoofs are as sound as when she was a colt. Up and down the hills, over the cobblestones and pavement, they clattered so regularly that once every month a new pair of shoes must be fitted for her. Each trip to the blacksmith cost \$3.50. Every year her owner parted with \$42. In eleven years \$462 went for the adornment of Belle's feet—a larger sum than the vainest miss in town could boast of having spent for footwear.

Four little wagons have come and gone, but it was haste that put these in the scrap heap and not any fault of Belle's. Never in her life was she in a runaway. Countless drivers—most of them good, but some none too gentle—have held the reins that directed her course, but whoever it was, Belle always responded freely.

But old Father Time has let his hand fall upon the little mare, and nature has taken its course with her as with all other animals in the world, sooner or later. Yet her last days are to be passed in rest and contentment as a reward for the hard work that she has done for the last eleven years. Taking her place will be an auto delivery car, whose speed will far exceed little Belle's, but whose faithfulness can never surpass that of the little mare that always was willing to serve her master.

#### HORSE VACATIONS

Last summer, through the generosity of friends, the Mass. S. P. C. A. sent twenty-seven tired horses into the country for a vacation. Some had two weeks' rest, some even three and four. We will gladly do this and more this summer if the money is sent in for the purpose. F.H.R.



ENJOYING HIS VACATION



## A DOG'S DEVOTION

By J. W. HODGE, M. D.



**F**OR fidelity, sincerity, and whole-hearted devotion to his friends, the dog is superior to all other animals, man not excepted. "How could one get relief from the endless dissimulation, falsity, duplicity and malice of mankind," exclaimed Schopenhauer in one of his inspired moments, "if there were no dogs into whose honest faces he could look without distrust?"

The dog who stood over the lifeless body of his prostrate master, grieving for recognition and starting at every flutter of his garments till he himself died of grief, exposure and starvation, had in his faithful canine breast a truer, nobler heart than beats within the bosom of the average man.

History records no example of loyalty greater than that related of "Bobby" of Greyfriars, who for fourteen long and weary years, in all sorts of weather, slept every night on his master's grave. That remarkable exhibition of canine affection and lasting devotion was well worthy of the marble shaft which today stands just outside the entrance to Greyfriars cemetery in Edinburgh to perpetuate the memory of a loving, loyal, unpretentious dog.

The other day I was hastily summoned by telephone to the rescue of a disabled horse which lay helpless upon the street, abandoned by the human wretch to whom he had given his last strength. I at once hurried to the scene of the trouble and found the poor old derelict lying prostrate by the road-side groaning and struggling in great agony.

Near his head sat a sad-eyed, intelligent-looking shepherd dog who watched every movement of his suffering comrade.

When I started to examine the prostrate horse the dog looked inquiringly and barked anxiously into my face as if to ascertain what I intended to do for the relief of the sufferer.

A hasty examination revealed the fact that the poor old feeble wreck, galled, scarred and deformed by hard work and cruel treatment, was dying. I quickly decided to terminate the pain-racked creature's suffering by giving him a speedy and merciful death, and so I sent a bullet on its errand of mercy. Death ensued almost instantaneously, without a struggle or a groan. Scarcely had the report of my pistol died away and the blood begun to trickle from the bullet wound in the forehead when the shepherd dog, suddenly realizing what had happened to his friend, set up a most pitiful, heart-rending howling.

I learned that the horse and dog had been constant companions for several years and had become much attached to each other. The dog invariably accompanied the horse which was used daily about the city drawing a delivery wagon loaded with groceries.

Neighbors residing near told me that the horse had been lying where I found him during all the preceding night, and that the faithful dog had remained constantly with him. The human wretch who had worked the poor old horse's life away for his own selfish gain, had deserted his faithful servant in distress while the devoted dog remained with him to the last.

## NEED OF PETS IN THE HOME

The charm and the value of pets can hardly be overestimated; they are a solace and a comfort in all ages and all conditions, and every home where there are children needs its retinue of dumb animals to teach the youngsters gentleness, thoughtfulness and responsibility.

## THE BROKEN LINK

By THOS. J. TAYLOR

Standing disconsolate,  
Sensing his rope,  
Dan feels that he with Fate  
No more will cope;  
Hark! just a plaintive whine  
Signifies hope's decline.

Looks he so wistfully,  
While in the drive  
Chugs this absurdity  
Seeming alive;  
Wonders the master kind  
Can leave his dog behind.

Times were in other days,  
Now but a dream,  
Dan through a many ways  
Followed the team  
Gravely, or, under stress,  
Voicing his happiness.

Now, as his master flies  
Swiftly from sight,  
Strained are the faithful eyes  
Mourning his flight.  
Ah Dan, lie down again,  
Dream and forget your pain;

Dream that your soul may soar  
(Justice appeals!)  
Where there will be no more  
Automobiles;  
Dream 'yond the asphodels  
God with His creatures dwells!

## MY DOG DAN

By H. M. NESMITH

Editor *Live Oak*, Buffalo Gap, Texas

**I** MOURNED your absence for two long, weary, sad days, Dan! I thought of the by-gone days that you stood by my side and looked up into my face, telling me of some desire, some request, some dream. Yet, considering the long ages during which man and your kind have shared this beautiful world, it is remarkable how little we know about you. I appreciate, Dan, the limited sphere by which your wants and aspirations are conveyed to me, and I have at all times recognized the manifestations you exercised for notoriety and attention.

I surmised some base, scheming man had lured you away under promises of a happier home. Again I pictured you dead and doomed, but not forgotten, Dan. I wondered, if you yet lived, why was it you did not return to those who nurtured, fed and caressed you in youth?

I knew you to be a friend on all occasions; one who would abandon kindred to serve your master; who would stand amid the wreck of worlds by his side and offer help and solace. Man presumes there is nothing in your nature eternal and imperishable, not even love; perhaps this is true, Dan, but when you look into my face and wag your tail and lay your nose upon my knee, I too realize you are asking of me a friendly service, for which you would sacrifice your life in return, and it would be base and unjust and wicked in me not to proffer and execute every kindness within my power.

I have learned, Dan, that true friendship never grows old; when the heart is filled with it, years seem to vanish like fleeting dreams, and it encircles mortality with the halo of undying youth.

I knew you, Dan, as a faithful dog—companion—who has followed your master's footsteps wherever they went, satisfied if he should from time to time vouchsafe you a gracious look. I had assumed the task to provide for your earthly cares and habitation and to imbue your

noble life with comfort and peace. I have the consciousness of knowing you had received my support and friendship at all times.

I am glad you returned; would I could question you about your wanderings and promptings to come home!

Should I survive you, Dan, I will write an epitaph and inscribe on your tomb these words:

A friend—faithful unto death.

## THE ASSAULT OF "MUTT"

By JENNIE R. NICHOLS

A short time ago it was my pleasure to receive a visit from Royal Vandeventer and his dog Mut. They came on foot over the mountain roads from their home nine miles distant.

Mutt is a beautiful thoroughbred Irish setter and between him and his master there is that perfect understanding which strong, mutual love begets. The object of their visit was for Mutt to be treated by a veterinarian for an injury inflicted upon him some time previous.

"Mutt knows everything and does everything but talk," said the boy. Alas, if he only could talk he would tell all his friends how he was so cruelly injured; how one or more fiends



ROYAL AND "MUTT"

in human form tricked him into their clutches when he was waiting near the school-house for the children to be dismissed for home, and how they took him away and nearly drove him mad when, like devils incarnate, they wickedly pulled out or cut out entirely the nails from his four paws and then threw him into the icy waters on a winter night. He would tell how hard it was for him to get home and how he suffered for weeks with paws so swollen and sore that he could not stand, and finally how the wounds healed and what joy he felt when he could run again with his master.

Human justice may not reach those who caused such awful suffering to a dumb creature, but when final accounts are made up, surely it must be that such cruelty will receive the "measure" that is its due.

## Our Dumb Animals

Founded by GEO. T. ANGELL in 1888  
 Mass. Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals  
 DR. FRANCIS H. ROWLEY, President  
 GUY RICHARDSON, Editor

WILL M. MORRILL, Assistant

Boston, June, 1914

FOR TERMS see last pages, where our report of all remittances is published each month.

AGENTS to take orders for *Our Dumb Animals* are wanted everywhere. Liberal commissions are offered.

EDITORS of all periodicals who receive this publication this month are invited to reprint any of the articles, with or without credit.

MANUSCRIPTS relating to animals, particularly prose articles of about three hundred words, are solicited, and authors are invited to correspond with the EDITOR, 45 Milk Street, Boston.

### THE BIRD LAW IN DANGER

The splendid victory in behalf of our migratory birds passed by Congress last year, its enemies are trying desperately to turn into a defeat. Its unconstitutionality is being asserted everywhere and no effort is being left untried to have the appropriation voted for its enforcement entirely stricken out.

One Senator by the name of Robinson, of Arkansas, seems most eager to rob the law of its power to do the things it was enacted to do. He succeeded once in having the \$50,000 for its enforcement cut out. Senator McLean was finally able to have the trivial sum of \$10,000 allowed. This small amount is little better than none. A hundred thousand dollars is needed if the law is to be at all satisfactorily enforced.

Senator James A. Reed of Kansas City and this Senator Robinson of Arkansas, are two of the men most anxious, if one may judge from their activities, to make this great law a dead letter. That a few such men backed up by a relatively small number of sportsmen, so-called, who care more for a few hours' hunting than conserving, in the interests of all, the bird life of the nation, should override the voice and will of the vast body of our people, would be an outrage.

Write your Senators, dear reader, and plead for this best bird law ever passed and for an appropriation large enough to make it effective as a national bird-saving measure. F.H.R.

### ONE OF MANY

This clipping from the New York *Hebrew Standard* is a specimen of the pleasant things some of our Jewish friends say about us:

"Francis H. Rowley, of Boston, a bigoted and implacable enemy of *shechitah*, is again at work in his efforts to discredit the Jewish methods of slaughtering before the bar of American public opinion. He grounds his opposition to *shechitah* upon its fancied inhumane character, when in truth the very reverse is the case. Here is an opportunity for *The Jewish Advocate* to perform a real, constructive service to the local Jewry. Such a service demands some intensive labor, which is not required in the reprinting (without credit) of translations from the Yiddish."

We trust the reason why *The Jewish Advocate* (Boston) has not undertaken the "intensive labor" suggested is because it knows the "bigoted and implacable enemy" better than the editor of the *Standard*. F.H.R.

### PROTECTION OF BIRDS

Five thousand placards, 9 1/2 x 7 1/2 inches, bearing the above title, and offering twenty prizes of \$10 each and forty prizes of \$5 each, for evidence by which our Massachusetts S. P. C. A. shall convict persons of violating the laws of Massachusetts by killing any insect-eating bird or taking eggs from its nest, have been distributed among our agents, who are posting them in all sections of the State.

### REQUIREMENTS

The following, from some exchange, we are inclined to think might have been intended to set forth the requirements needed in a first-class agent of an S. P. C. A.:

"You must be keen, courteous, bright, talented, polite, industrious, truthful, appreciative, firm, neat, respected, resourceful, untiring, genial, trustworthy and well educated.

"You have to combine in your personality the characteristics of a Sherlock Holmes, a Lord Chesterfield, a Thomas A. Edison, a Christopher Columbus, a Samuel Pepys, a David Belasco, an Annie Besant, an Anna Eva Fay, a Bob Fitzsimmons, a Socrates, a Plato and a George Washington.

"You have got to have the mind of a detective, the heart of a deep sea diver, the courage of an African lion hunter, the hide of a rhinoceros, the disposition of an angel, the patience of a cemetery monument, the constancy of a lighthouse and the reticence of a Sphinx."

And then there will be people who will accuse you of stupidity, dishonesty, and graft.

F.H.R.

### FIRE TRUCKS AND FIRE HORSES

*Life* reprints from the New York *Sun* an editorial which cities may well consider. It is to the effect "that horses were the only possible way of getting fire-engines to fires," during the recent storms, "as the automobile engines were not suitable for this purpose."

"There appears to be no way of preventing snowstorms in winter, and there appears to be no immediate possibility of inventing an automobile fire-engine that will get to a fire through a snowstorm, or over banks of snow, and so the horse has shown himself to be a necessity during these emergencies.

"Thus we see that even a snowstorm in the city has its uses. If it will continue to preserve for us the picture of those noble animals employed by the city doing their duty, at least it will add one more bulwark to those rapidly diminishing human sentiments which the age of modern machinery is rendering obsolete."

F.H.R.

### KILLING FOR SCIENCE

A newspaper dispatch from Manaus, via Santrem, Brazil, of May 1, says that "the trophies of Col. Roosevelt's expedition fill many boxes and include fifteen hundred bird skins and five hundred mammals. Col. Roosevelt took copious notes and will write a book about his travels, to be illustrated by photographs taken by Anthony Fiala." This destruction, in the name of science, we do not believe in for a moment. Photographs of wild life brought back would show a much higher courage, a finer intelligence, a nobler spirit and at least a kind heart. F.H.R.

### THE BOY SCOUTS

The department of "First Aid to Animals" is being given generous space in the new American handbook for the Boy Scouts of America. It is being prepared by us, with the assistance of our veterinarian.

This feature of the Boy Scout movement is designed to cultivate an intelligent interest in all animals, to quicken the spirit of kindness and to enable the individual members of the body to render proper aid to sick or injured animals as occasion may demand. F.H.R.

### FOR PUPILS IN THE BAHAMAS

Mr. W. Hart Bennett, writing from Nassau, Bahamas, orders six annual subscriptions to *Our Dumb Animals*, to be offered as prizes for the best essays written in the schools of New Providence, Bahamas, in connection with the local Dumb Friends' League.

### THE DANGER FROM MEXICO

While no one can predict what may happen before this number reaches its readers, it still is true that the Mexican difficulty has revealed, as nothing else in recent years, the changed attitude of the American people toward war. The millennium is still some years away, but, outside those journals which wave the red flag at every available opportunity, no one of consequence has shouted himself hoarse in clamoring for war.

There was a moment when some began to wonder if the "honor of the flag" and the "dignity of the nation" had not been so insulted in the eyes of gods and men that nothing but blood could wipe out the stain. A sober second thought, however, considered the source, and we shall have no war if it can by any possibility be avoided.

That certain large moneyed interests would be delighted to see the nation taxed for the use of its army and navy, and human life worse than wasted, to pull their chestnuts out of the fire, no one doubts. We see through some of these things today more clearly than once.

With millions of others we are profoundly grateful for a President who will have no war if in righteousness and mercy it can be escaped.

For twenty-five years the American Humane Education Society has been teaching in the public schools of the land peace among men as well as justice toward animals. Four million boys and girls, hundreds of thousands of them now men and women, have learned the lesson of the glory of peace and the crime of war. Who shall measure the influence of all this on the sentiment so universal among us today, which says, "No war if by any fair and holy and brotherly means this Mexican problem can be settled without it?" F.H.R.

### A NEW FRIEND

*The Horse Lover* is a new monthly devoted to the Horse and the various interests allied with him, such as the carriage, harness and other kindred industries.

This first arrival on the scene as a friend of the horse meets a very positive need. It purposes to get at the facts concerning the horse and give them to the public. Of late years the automobile companies have published all sorts of misleading figures until one might imagine the horse was practically a negligible quantity.

Hundreds of men are saying just what a New York truckman said the other day: "I have given up the use of motor trucks. The life of a motor truck is short, and I find that in moving merchandise in mixed quantities over short hauls I can do it more cheaply and expeditiously than I can by using motor trucks," and an ice-cream firm is quoted by the *Horse World* as declaring that it cost them half a million dollars to find out that the motor truck was not adapted to their business.

We extend a cordial welcome to this attractive, bright, up-to-date new periodical that enters the field to see that the truth is known and told as to the relative merits of the horse and the auto-truck. We believe the auto-truck has its place and one of no little importance, but we are daily more and more convinced that neither it nor anything else will ever supplant the horse. F.H.R.

### "WHY NOT?" PRIZE CONTEST

Already nearly one hundred manuscripts have been received in the prize contest for sixteen lines of verse on the painting of the old horse, entitled "Why Not?" which appeared in our May issue. The contest will close June 1, 1914, and no verses received after that date will be considered. The winning manuscript will be published in the July number of the magazine.



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F. J. FLANAGAN, M.D.C.V.S. D. L. BOLGER, D.V.S.

#### MONTHLY REPORT

Animals examined	4710
Fish peddlers' and hawkers' horses examined	497
Number of prosecutions	16
Number of convictions	15
Horses taken from work	141
Horses humanely destroyed	122
Animals treated at Free Dispensary	483

#### Stock-yards and Abattoirs

Animals examined	19,212
Cattle, swine and sheep humanely destroyed	44

The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals has received gifts of \$100 from Mrs. L. N. Kettle, \$25 each from Mrs. Annette T. Hittinger, Lester Leland, and Elisha Gunn; \$20 from Edward M. Brewer, and \$15 from Mrs. A. S. Porter, Jr. It has also received \$40 from the Pennsylvania S. P. C. A. for *Our Dumb Animals*, and \$1614.67, interest. The Society has been remembered in the wills of Susan H. Leeds of Boston and of Mrs. Mary E. W. Frink of West Brookfield.

The American Humane Education Society has received \$2000, bequest of Edward H. Palmer; \$295.25 from estate of Mrs. Elizabeth F. Noble; \$126.44 from "a co-worker" for the distribution of humane literature; \$43.45 from Mrs. M. L. Hall; \$25 from "a South Carolina friend"; and \$1113.05, interest.

Boston, May 20, 1914.

#### HUMANE DAY

The seventh annual occurrence of Humane Day was observed in the schools and elsewhere throughout Massachusetts on Tuesday, April 21. A program of humane exercises was prepared by the American Humane Education Society and distributed for use among nearly 14,000 school teachers of the State, many of whom availed themselves of this assistance and gave special attention to the duties which young people owe to dumb animals. The importance of Humane Day, which originated through the organization of thousands of Bands of Mercy in Massachusetts, is recognized now by educators not only in our own State but many others, and it is hoped it will be still more generally adopted.

#### OUR HOME AND HOSPITAL

Things are moving rapidly at present out on Longwood Avenue where the new building which is to be the home of our Societies, our hospital, and Mr. Angell's memorial, is in process of erection. The walls are up to the level of the second story. The contractors promise it for occupancy by January first, 1915.

We must continue to lay this great undertaking on the hearts of all our friends. We are confident of their unflinching cooperation. We must raise to complete the building and equip it a hundred thousand dollars.

There are to be some handsome bronze tablets in memory of the large benefactors placed upon the outer walls of the structure. There will never be a better time than now to make the gifts that will perpetuate forever the name of some friend of animals. F.H.R.

#### NATIONAL HORSE DAY

We cannot tell at this writing how general the response is to be throughout the State to the call we have sent out for the observance of June second as National Horse Day. A large number of letters were mailed to business houses in Boston and other cities, asking their cooperation, and all branch humane societies, and many individuals were urged to help popularize the movement. The buttons and tags we have offered to send for just the cost of their manufacture and mailing, a cent a piece for the buttons or sixty cents a hundred, and a half a cent a piece for the tag, or 20 cents a hundred. F.H.R.

#### SUMMER WORK FOR HORSES

For the same reason, fear of the spread of glanders, for which the Massachusetts State authorities closed the horse drinking fountains in Boston, our watering stations of the past few summers will have to be given up this year. We shall run our watering-cart just the same, sending it about the city so that drivers with pails can secure water, the cart having a regular route that can be depended upon.

This cart costs us \$5.50 a day for team and driver, and contributions for this work will be greatly appreciated. If we have money enough we shall put on two carts. They could never be needed more than they will be this summer. F.H.R.

#### A PANAMA-PACIFIC EXHIBIT

A friend has just sent us a gift of fifteen dollars toward a fund which shall make possible a suitable exhibit by our Societies at the Panama-Pacific Exhibition. Much might be accomplished to stimulate interest, to scatter information as to methods, and in general to advance materially humane work by such an exhibit as might be prepared for that great Fair. We expect our Societies, in cooperation with other kindred organizations, will be represented at that time. Other contributions for this purpose will be most welcome. F.H.R.

#### NEW ORGANIZATION WORK

It was our purpose to publish this month the report of action taken by the Directors of the Massachusetts S. P. C. A. looking toward the organization of representative committees of the Society in the cities and larger towns of the State, where there are at present no local societies, with a view to making our work more effective in those communities. This report will be printed next month, but meanwhile we invite correspondence with interested friends in any town of over 10,000 population in Massachusetts, where there does not already exist a local anti-cruelty organization, who have suggestions to offer as to the furtherance of the cause of animal protection in their own locality.

#### THE GEO. T. ANGELL TREE

By proclamation of Governor Walsh, Saturday, April 25, was observed as Arbor Day in Massachusetts. Superintendent Dillon of the Park Department of Boston arranged for the planting of several elm-trees on the historic Common. In the forenoon, through arrangements made by Miss Venita Dudgeon, exercises were held in connection with the planting of one of these trees in honor of the late Geo. T. Angell, founder of the Massachusetts S. P. C. A. The Marine Band played several appropriate selections, and a delegation of Boy Scouts acted as guards and saluted the colors.

In the presence of Mrs. Angell, representatives of the park commissioners, a large company of members and friends of the Society, and many children from the public schools, the Hon. James M. Curley, mayor of Boston and an honorary vice-president of the Massachusetts S.P.C.A., made an address extolling the virtues of Mr. Angell and the work of the Society he founded.

Miss Dudgeon turned the first soil about the tree, and Mrs. Angell, Mayor Curley and others also participated in the actual planting, after which Secretary Guy Richardson responded in behalf of the Society.

#### HUMANE DAY IN WORCESTER

Humane Day, April 21, was successfully observed by the Worcester Branch of the Massachusetts S. P. C. A. A parade was held in which members of the Bands of Mercy, recently organized in Worcester schools by Miss Ella A. Maryott of the American Humane Education Society, took part. The principal features, however, were two very handsome horses, whose riders wore white satin sashes with streamers bearing the words, "Humane Day," and carried blue and red satin banners on which was inscribed, "Worcester Branch, Mass. S. P. C. A." These horses were ridden through the streets during the busiest hours, from eleven until two, and from four until six. In the schools, special programs were carried out.

The Worcester Society has recently distributed throughout the county a number of the "Be Kind to Animals" signs for wagons.

#### NEW FOUNTAINS

Sanitary drinking fountains for men and beasts, of the latest improved design, made by the H. F. Jenks Company of Pawtucket, Rhode Island, have been recently ordered as follows: The Ohio Humane Society, Cincinnati, two; the Good Cheer Club of Grosse Pointe Shores, Michigan, one; town of Berryville, Virginia, one; and city of Pawtucket, Rhode Island, one.

#### EXECUTING YOUR OWN WILL

Each of our two Societies will receive gifts, large or small, entering into a written obligation binding the Society safely to invest the same and to pay to the donor for life a reasonable rate of interest, or an annuity for an amount agreed upon. The rate of interest or amount of the annuity will necessarily depend upon the age of the donor.

The wide financial experience and high standing of the trustees to whom are entrusted the care and management of our invested funds are a guaranty of the security of such an investment. Persons of comparatively small means may by this arrangement obtain a better income for life than can be had with equal safety by the usual methods of investment, while avoiding the risks and waste of a will contest, and ultimately promoting the cause of the dumb animals.

The Societies solicit correspondence upon this subject and will be glad to furnish all further details.



## American Humane Education Society



Founded by Geo. T. Angell. Incorporated March, 1889

For rates of membership in both of our Societies and for prices of literature, see back pages. Checks should be made payable to the Treasurer.

### Officers of American Humane Education Society

DR. FRANCIS H. ROWLEY, President;  
HON. A. E. PILLSBURY, Counselor;  
EBEN. SHUTE, Treasurer;  
S. L. SHAPLEIGH, Ass't Treas.;  
GUY RICHARDSON, Secretary.

### Trustees of Permanent Funds

Alfred Bowditch Laurence Minot  
Thomas Nelson Perkins

### Foreign Corresponding Representatives

Nicasia Zulaica C.	Chili
Mrs. Jeannette Ryder	Cuba
Mrs. Florence H. Suckling	England
Edward Fox Sainsbury	France
William B. Allison	Guatemala
Edward C. Butler	Mexico
Jerome Perinet	Switzerland
Mrs. Alice W. Manning	Turkey

### Field Workers of the Society

Rev. Richard Carroll, Columbia, South Carolina  
Mrs. E. L. Dixon, Columbia, South Carolina  
Mrs. Alice L. Park, Palo Alto, California  
Mrs. Rachel C. Hogue, San Diego, California  
Mrs. Jennie R. Nichols, Boise, Idaho  
Mrs. Virginia S. Mercer, Salem, Ohio

### MISTRAL'S DOG

Our friend Mr. Perinet, of Switzerland, sends us word of the death, soon after his master's, of Trompette, the dog of the late poet Mistral. Trompette died from grief. After his master's funeral he refused all nourishment and never ceased to mourn in plaintive little cries of distress till a few days later he was found dead. "His universe," says the writer, "was the eye of the poet; his happiness the caress of the poet."

A year ago Mistral wrote to Mr. Perinet:

I applaud with all my heart the institution of Bands of Mercy, for they realize the *proverbe provenc*,

"He who loves beasts loves men."

F.H.R.

### A CENTURY OF PEACE

The Treaty of Ghent, signed December 24, 1814, terminated the last war between the United States and Great Britain. Through these hundred years of peace many differences have arisen between the two nations which might easily have led to war. Good sense has triumphed, however, over human folly, and peace has remained unbroken. It ought not to be a remarkable thing for two such peoples to be able to get on without fighting, but it is nevertheless, and so remarkable that both countries are planning for great celebrations in commemoration of this century of peace. Every one of us should help in keeping this coming "festival of nations." It will be an object-lesson on a vast scale.

F.H.R.

### SUNDAY SCHOOLS PROTEST

Fair Associations in Idaho Asked to Abolish the Cruel "Stampede"

Readers who were interested in our accounts of the "Stampede" held at Boise, Idaho, last fall, and other similar cruel exhibitions of steer-breaking in various parts of that State, will be glad to learn that Mrs. Jennie R. Nichols has interested the Sunday School Associations of Idaho to pass resolutions of protest and forward them to the directors of the State Fair Associations. At a recent gathering in Boise, representing sixty-five Sunday schools, such a resolution was passed, and Field Secretary E. C. Knapp of the State Association will endeavor to have a similar one adopted at all the Sunday-school conventions in the State. The protest reads:

"Believing that certain features connected with the Annual State Fair Exhibits in various sections of the State, such as 'The War Bonnet' at Idaho Falls, 'The Boise Stampede,' etc., are not conducive in any respect to the development of the best interests of the State, and that the cruelties inflicted on dumb animals in the performances are revolting to the intelligent and thinking class who seek through right education, the elevation of the masses; and, above all, believing the influence of such features to be pernicious in their influence upon the youth of Idaho, and degrading to the performers, we hereby respectfully urge the directors of the Fair Associations exploiting said exhibitions within the State, to forever eliminate them from their program of events."

### WHY NOT A HUMANE TRAP?

The secretary of a humane society in New York State, who is greatly interested in the crusade of the Massachusetts S. P. C. A. against the use of the cruel steel trap, asks this question, Can we not get all humane societies to contribute a little toward a prize for humane traps? In line with our suggestion at the last convention of the American Humane Association, we urge that it would be timely for that national organization to offer a suitable prize for a humane trap, and that undoubtedly funds for this purpose could be raised by special subscriptions among the various local anti-cruelty societies. We hope those who are interested will address Dr. W. O. Stillman, Albany, New York.

### HERR VAN VOLLENHOVEN

From one of the members of his family, we are informed that F. J. A. van Vollenhoven of Nymegen, Holland, died on April 6 last, after a short illness. Herr van Vollenhoven recently accepted the office of foreign corresponding representative of the American Humane Education Society and had contributed to *Our Dumb Animals*. As secretary of the very active society in Nymegen he was among the foremost humane workers of his country, where his loss will be felt most keenly.

### MEDALS FOR SCHOOL ESSAYS

At a mass meeting of Bands of Mercy held in New Orleans April 17, the third annual award of the Weis medals for essays on kindness to animals was made to pupils of the public schools by the Louisiana State S. P. C. A. The interest in these competitions has grown to such an extent that the Society has decided to offer a silver medal annually in each public school where there are Bands of Mercy.

The 38th Annual Meeting of the American Humane Association will be held at Atlantic City, New Jersey, October 5, 6, 7 and 8, 1914. Representatives of local anti-cruelty societies and individual humanitarians are invited to attend. Some new and interesting features will be presented.

### BIRD MURDER

By EDW. FOX SAINSBURY

*Our Dumb Animals* for many years past has impressed upon its thousands of readers the absolute necessity of protecting bird life and has warned farmers that should the cruel and senseless slaughter of small birds continue, disastrous results to agriculture would follow.

Warnings are often unheeded and it is only when calamity and loss arise that people begin to realize their folly.

In France in many "departments" (or counties) where millions of insect-eating birds are annually destroyed for sport or through ignorance, from the farmer is heard a bitter cry of crops destroyed and lessened yields. Naturally matters will grow worse unless stringent measures are taken to put an end to bird murder.

The press is taking up the question as one of national importance and the official organ of agriculture—*La Societe d'horticulture pratique du Rhone*—is issuing warnings and recommendations to the public and farmers. It is none too soon.

The number of permits to shoot anything and everything in the shape of birds is counted by millions; in England sport is confined to one class only—the rich—therefore bird destruction is much less than in France. The above-named Society gives some statistics of the destruction of insect-devouring birds in several of the "departments." Thus, "in Meurthe-et-Moselle in two months 1400 finches, 3000 tomits and 10,000 nightingales were destroyed," and it adds, "dishwashers are being killed off by cartloads!" In Provence and in Languedoc nightingales are annually being killed by hundreds of thousands, and in Bouches-du-Rhone swallows by millions!

Some of these birds destroy daily half their weight of noxious insects. Five hundred were found in the stomach of one swallow. Small wonder that farmers are suffering, and losses are heavy. A protest issued by *La Societe d'horticulture* urges that (1) The existing laws for protecting small birds must be immediately enforced with the utmost stringency; (2) That in our infant schools children should be taught the utility of protecting birds, the wickedness of bird nesting, and the necessity of encouraging the increase of birds.

Dieppe, France.

### MRS. LILLIAN M. N. STEVENS

Just too late for notice in our May number, came the unexpected news of the death of Mrs. Stevens at her home in Portland, Maine. How much this great-hearted reformer was interested in animal protection is indicated by the following letter, addressed to the Editor by Mrs. Gertrude Stevens Leavitt, under date of April 7:

"You will be interested to know that one of the last things my mother did before she passed away was to send a subscription to *Our Dumb Animals* in order that the paper should be sent to her sister. She also made the request that the pine tree growing over the grave of her horse Madge, who traveled over fifty thousand miles for temperance, should never be cut down.

"The American Humane Education Society and the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals awarded my mother a silver medal. On the back of the medal is the following inscription: 'Awarded for humane service to Mrs. Lillian M. N. Stevens, President of the National Woman's Christian Temperance Union.'

"From my earliest childhood my mother's tender consideration for everybody and everything has been a most evident fact. She taught me to love and protect every harmless, living creature."

## JUNE

By MYRA M. MANNIX

Roses pink and white and crimson,  
Roses dwarfed and roses tall,  
Wet with dew, or warm with sunshine,  
Nod within my garden wall!  
Droning bees, and darting fireflies,  
Butterflies and birds in tune,  
Happy children, laughing, lilted,  
Tell thy presence, lovely June!

At your breath the buds of May-time  
Burst from bondage, opening wide,  
Balmy winds that sing of summer  
Cool and play on every side.  
Days ablaze with golden sunlight!  
Silent nights, and crystal moon!  
Month of Roses, Love, and Promise—  
Oh, to keep thee, gracious June!

## LURED BY SWEETENED WATER

By ROBERT H. MOULTON

The manager of a little circus touring the San Joaquin Valley, California, was careless enough to allow three performing bears to slip out of their cages and roam about the countryside a short time ago.

Fortunately the only weapons that happened to be available were shot-guns charged with bird shot, so that when the ranchers went forth to do battle with the invaders the Bruin family was only tickled with a few little lead pellets that could not penetrate their tough hides.

Meanwhile the manager appeared and quieted the fears of the populace, explaining that the wild animals were only trick bears and were not likely to do any serious damage. His main worry was to get them back to their cages. An acquaintance of his who happened along in his automobile hit upon the right idea. This man had seen the bear trio professionally engaged in the show, where they sat around a table and drank huge quantities of sugar and water from beer bottles. The automobile owner loaded up his tonneau with as much of the sweet mixture as he could find, threw in the clutch and sallied forth to the neighborhood where the bears were enjoying their liberty. Once near enough to them to display his bait, there was no further difficulty. The bears recognized the bottles and shuffled forward eagerly. Liberty was sweet but sugared water was sweeter. All three of them were enticed into the automobile where they sat up as if the show were on and poured gallons of the delicious beverage down their hairy throats.

It was at this time that the camera man took the pictures and immediately thereafter the bears were hurried back to their cages.

## SAVE SEEDS FOR SQUIRRELS

An interested reader advises us that "the squirrels are very fond of the squash and pumpkin seeds which the farmer and the housewife consign to the garbage pail. So do not throw them away, but save them and when you are out walking in the woods, throw them under the trees and the squirrels will take care of them.

"The writer knows of a case of a man digging out a chipmunk's hole and finding it over a peck of chestnuts which the chipmunks had stored up for the winter's use."

## TO THE MEADOW-LARK

Up from the dewy grass, while yet 'tis dark,  
On trembling pinions soars the meadow-lark.  
His brilliant vest like ruddy orange glows.  
From slender throat the liquid music flows.  
Dear flute-like warbler of the wood and field,  
Before him all his rivals bow and yield.  
The ambient air with fluttering wing he beats.  
With song ecstatic early morn he greets.  
High, high he rises, and his peans float,  
While listening Nature revels in his note.

J. MAYNE BALTIMORE.



THEY ARE DRINKING ONLY SWEETENED WATER

## 595 New Bands of Mercy in April

The American Humane Education Society organized five hundred and ninety-five new Bands of Mercy in April, of which 293 were in schools of Massachusetts, sixty-nine in schools of Connecticut, sixty-eight in schools of Rhode Island, forty-two in schools of Maine, twenty-two in schools of Maryland, twenty-one in Missouri, nineteen in schools of Delaware, seventeen in schools of South Carolina and fifteen in New York. The numerals show the number of Bands in each school or town:

## Schools in Massachusetts

**Boston:** Everett, 14; Louisa M. Alcott, 9.  
**Dorchester:** Edward Everett, 14; Savin Hill, 4; Richard C. Humphreys, 9; Old Edward Everett, 5; John Lothrop Motley, 4; Harbor View St., 3; Roger Clapp, 8; William E. Russell, 18.  
**Roxbury:** Comins, 10; Thomas Dwight, 7; Charles Bullfinch, 11.  
**Leicester:** Nazareth Institute.  
**New Bedford:** Hosea M. Knowlton, 17; John H. Clifford, 11; Cedar Grove St., 15; Clark St., 8; Parker St., 16; Robert C. Ingraham, 12; Thos. Donaghy, 14; Jireh Swift, 9; Abraham Lincoln, 20; Merrimac St., 6.  
**Sharon:** Sharon.  
**Winchendon:** Winchendon.  
**Worcester:** St. John's Parochial, 11; Academy of Sacred Heart, 13; St. Paul's, 6; Notre Dame, 11; Bancroft, 4; S. D. A. Church.  
**Newton, Massachusetts:** Dumb Animal Lovers.

## Schools in Maine

**Augusta:** Bolton Hill.  
**Bath:** People's Baptist Church S. S., 16; Wesley Church S. S., 17; Salvation Army S. S.; Center St., 4.  
**Bowdoin:** Bowdoin.  
**Litchfield:** Whittier.  
**South Gardiner:** Lawrence.  
**Concord, New Hampshire:** Kimball School, 8.

## Schools in Rhode Island

**Providence:** Veazie St. Grammar, 14; Chester Ave., 4; Grove St., 7; Somerset St., 4; America St., 11; Atwells Ave., 12; Ruggles St., 4; Courtland St., 8; State St., 4.

## Schools in Connecticut

**Bridgeport:** Bryant, 9; City Training, 9.  
**Hartford:** Washington, 22; Southwest, 8.  
**New Britain:** Rockwell, 12; Monroe St., 8.  
**New Canaan, Connecticut:** Junior League.

## New York

**Ames:** Ames.  
**Amsterdam:** Hattie Webb; Alter; Cranesville.  
**Cranesville:** Vanderbilt-Totridge.  
**Fonda:** Audubon Soc.  
**Fultonville:** Stone Ridge.  
**Glen:** Goewey's.  
**Minaville:** Minaville.  
**New York:** Young Folks' Band of Protection to Animals.  
**Niagara Falls:** Kitchen; Wallace.  
**Sprakers:** Currytown.  
**Suffern:** Suffern.  
**Dott, Pennsylvania:** Dott.  
**Gouldsboro, Pennsylvania:** High School.  
**West Hoboken, New Jersey:** West Hoboken No. 2.

## Schools in Maryland

**Centreville:** Grammar, 6.  
**Denton:** Primary and High, 5.  
**Easton:** Primary.  
**Greensboro:** Public, 6.  
**Queenstown:** Public, 2.  
**Ridgely:** Jarman's Branch.  
**Sharpstown, Maryland:** Rose.

## Schools in Delaware

**Bridgeville:** Public, 4.  
**Georgetown:** Public, 5.  
**Harrington:** Public, 6.  
**Millsboro:** Public, 3.  
**Selbyville:** Boy Scouts.  
**Portsmouth, Virginia:** Lord's Helper.

## Schools in South Carolina

**Columbia:** Waverly, 2; Howard High, 4.  
**Georgetown:** Howard, 5.  
**Greenville:** Colored Graded, 2.  
**Greenwood:** Brewer Normal, 2; West End Graded, East End Graded.

**Kaplan, Louisiana:** Kaplan.  
**Houston, Texas:** Erving Mercy Club.  
**Flint, Michigan:** Sunshine.  
**Jennings, Michigan:** Jennings.  
**Merrill, Michigan:** Merrill.  
**Rose City, Michigan:** Sunshine.  
**Shenandoah, Iowa:** Mattie E. Witter.  
**Campbell, Missouri:** Campbell.  
**Sedalia, Missouri:** Seton Clan; Summit School, 9; Lincoln School, 10.

**Duluth, Minnesota:** Washington School, 2; Nettleton School, 2.  
**West Duluth, Minnesota:** Irving School.  
**Ipswich, South Dakota:** Ipswich.  
**Bear Creek, Montana:** Bear Creek.  
**Richfield, Idaho:** Richfield.  
**Seattle, Washington:** Shaw No. 1.

Total number Bands of Mercy, 92,101.

## Founders of American Band of Mercy

GEO. T. ANGELL and REV. THOS. TIMMINS

## Office of Parent American Band of Mercy

DR. FRANCIS H. ROWLEY, President  
GUY RICHARDSON, Secretary  
A. JUDSON LEACH  
ELLA A. MARYOTT } State Organizers

## PLEDGE

"I will try to be kind to all living creatures, and try to protect them from cruel usage."

We send without cost to every person who forms a Band of Mercy of thirty members, and sends us the name chosen for the Band and the name and post-office address of the president who has been duly elected:

1. Our Dumb Animals for one year.
  2. Twenty leaflets, containing pictures, stories, poems, addresses, reports, etc.
  3. Copy of "Songs of Happy Life."
  4. An imitation gold badge for the president.
- See inside back cover for prices of Band of Mercy supplies.

## Where and How Nests Are Built by C. L. CHAMBERLIN



**H**OW many people in general know even by sight the different nests of our most common birds? Not many. Perhaps this is so for the very good reason that, though interested in birds, they would not wish to disturb them in the least when they are engaged in nest building, by too close observation. The location, method of construction and materials used by some of the more familiar birds may, accordingly, be briefly described.

The wrens like to build in a roomy cavity already constructed. For this reason they are among the first of all feathered kind to appreciate and use an artificial house placed in a tree or on the side of a building. An empty can or jug will prove acceptable while they are quite sure to make use of the most elaborate house one may care to make and erect for them. They are not averse to human surroundings and often build a nest on a window, particularly if it be partially concealed by blind or screen.



CAROLINA WRENS

Although the robin usually builds its own nest on some fence, window-sill, or low hanging limb, it will occupy an artificial home if one of suitable shape and size be placed in a spot it would naturally select.

The chipping sparrow, smallest of birds except the humming-birds, makes a beautiful nest almost entirely of long hairs twisted and woven so securely together that one could scarcely pull them apart. This little home is built in a thick bush or low tree, too frequently without regard for the liking of the house cat and other enemies of tender young birdlings.

Most other sparrows build on the ground. An exception, however, is the English sparrow, which builds anywhere—yes, and almost everywhere. Wherever any other bird might build, the nest of the English sparrow may be found. It has even been known to build in the forest.

Many birds build tree nests of various materials. The oriole constructs its pouch-like nest of finely shredded bark, hair, and threads of the silk-weed. It carefully avoids its animal enemies by suspending this pouch from a long, slender

limb, high up, which would not sustain the weight of any intruder. This nest repays careful study.

The goldfinch builds a small nest in which more bark than hair is used. It is very compact and hair-lined, and found in low trees around the farm and garden.

The common blackbird builds a fairly large nest of woven grass and twigs lined with hair and strings. This nest is commonly found in an evergreen whether in swamp or front yard and from ten to twenty-five feet above the ground. The thrush or brown thrasher places its nest in some low, thick bush, often a thorn bush, or a thick cluster of vines, four or five feet at most from the ground.

The nests of all swallows are interesting, none more so than that of the chimney swift, whose nest is made of dead twigs, except its soft lining, and glued with saliva upon a side wall. One species builds in excavations in the ground along a steep bluff, frequently the high bank of a stream. The nest of the barn swallow is usually found upon a rafter or under the eaves.

Many birds place their nests on the ground, the smaller ground-building birds taking as much pains in the formation of the nests as do



HOUSE WRENS

the tree builders. The meadow-lark and bobolink are both ground builders, the nests being commonly found in a tuft of thick grass well made, covered partially and lined. The bobwhite is satisfied with a rather roughly formed nest and is in the habit of locating it in hay fields from which the grass is cut before the little birds are hatched and so there is great liability of the home being prematurely broken up with sad results.

Various attempts have been made to classify birds' nests but none have been complete, and it would seem to be well-nigh impossible to make any classification that would include all of the many different kinds of nest construction. One authority has divided the birds into the following twelve classes, according to their mode of nest building: miners, ground builders, masons, carpenters, platform builders, basket makers, weavers, tailors, felt makers, cementers, dome builders and parasites. Many interesting facts may be learned from the study of birds' nests. Nearly all the feathered folk are clever architects and their plans are executed with wondrous skill.

## THE BROWN THRASHER

By HARRIETTE WILBUR



**T**HE brown thrasher is one of the members of the mocking thrush family, to which also belong the mocking-bird and the cat-bird. He is a brilliant reddish brown, with a white vest, decorated with a beautiful necklace of brown spots. His black beak is long and straight, the tail is long and is jerked about so much that it is easy to tell why the bird is called "thrasher." He is commonly called "brown thrush," though it is not as good a name for him as thrasher. Some other names given to the birds are long thrush, red thrush, ground thrush, French mocking-bird, and mavis.

The great Audubon placed the brown thrasher second only to the mocking-bird as a singer. His voice is pleasing and strong, and his sense of rhythm is well developed, for he always pauses exactly the same length of time between groups of notes. He sings his notes by twos, by threes, by fours, and even by fives, and each group is repeated usually in a different register of voice. One pleasing thing about the brown thrasher is the fact that you can nearly always see as well as hear the soloist, for he always mounts the highest and most easily-seen perch he can find, just as though he wished to be seen. Standing out in plain sight, he droops his long tail, raises his little head toward the sky, opens his bill wide, and straightway seems to forget everything but his song. This is about the only time his tail is ever quiet; he seems to forget even that important member in his love of song. This manner of thrashing his tail about seems to help him to express his feelings. When feeding upon the ground he works it up and down, and thrashes it around in a most comical way; at a sudden noise he jerks it up erect as a wren does; when perched at rest upon a branch he swings it back and forth in almost regular rhythm; but when he prepares to sing he lets it droop toward the ground and remain quiet. Except when there are young birds to defend in the nest, the brown thrashers are shy and retiring in manner, and when approached will plunge into a bushy thicket and disappear. But they show great boldness and courage when the nest is disturbed, and fly at the intruder and even strike at him.

## GLIMPSE OF THE SAVANNAH SOCIETY

A correspondent who stopped for a day in Savannah, Georgia, writes as follows:

"We looked up the president of the S. P. C. A., Mr. G. Noble Jones, who greeted us most cordially and requested us to meet Mrs. L. T. Weathersbee, the secretary and treasurer and an active worker there. She took us out to the ball grounds and introduced us to her co-worker, Paul Moehrke, a fine great-hearted policeman who rides his beautiful white horse on duty. Mrs. Weathersbee tells us he is always ready, day or night, to go on an act of mercy to relieve some poor dumb animal who may be in agony.

"Recently Mrs. Weathersbee went at night and scaled a high fence to see how the city mules were tied. She found them fastened so as to prevent their lying down, which saved the attendants from the labor of cleaning the animals. The story of this inhuman treatment came out in the newspapers next morning and did much to turn the attention of good people to the real necessity of joining in this great work. Mrs. Weathersbee has been in Savannah about a year. A marked change for the better is seen in the animals there."

Photographs from Audubon Society



## THE DEAD SONG-SPARROW

By ALICE JEAN CLEATOR

Just a brief half-hour ago  
He could sing!  
And an elm-tree's new-leaved bough  
Was his swing!  
Laughing waters, leaves wind-stirred,  
Thousand tongues!  
Yet no sweeter sound was heard  
Than his songs!  
Now he lies with gasping breath,  
Torture-bound,  
Writhing, struggling in his death  
On the ground!  
Just a common tragedy  
Of the spring—  
Just a hunter taking aim  
Practising!  
Passing careless on his road  
O'er the hill,  
Yet a messenger of God  
Now is still!



## In the Editor's Library

LITTLE PEOPLE OF THE DUST, Joseph Burke Egan.

A story which has for its setting those vacant lots, unsightly and unhealthy, known as the city's dump, is from the pen of a Boston schoolmaster. Interest centers around two little child scavengers, forced to delve in the dumps for the necessities of life for themselves and others. Amid the dust-swept, disease-laden surroundings with naught more companionable than a crow or toads or rats, the little unfortunate workers drag out the days in hope and disappointment. The finding of a wonderful book; the making of a little "oasis" and the watching of the antics of "Billie," the crow, are about all the attractions to beguile the long and dreary days.

It is a tale of sad truths, of joyless little lives, which ought to be the means of focusing more attention on the unhappy lot of the children of the dust. There are three illustrations in color.

284 pp. The Pilgrim Press, Boston.

THE BACK YARD FARMER, J. Willard Bolte.

The city and suburban flat-dweller has much to learn of the possibilities of his back yard. How it may be transformed from the rubbish-strewn, unsightly area that it so often is, into a fair garden spot for the cultivation of flowers or vegetables, is told in this book. Complete and reliable information on the management of poultry, the rearing of pets, the care of vines, trees and lawns, the cultivation of fruits and berries, is given for the benefit of those whose limited plots of land might well be put to such use. And what are the other advantages that the back yard farmer derives? Better health, better food, keen pleasure, a reduction in the cost of living, even financial profits—all these may be realized as the author clearly points out. Readers of this entertaining treatise who have not a back yard will be tempted to acquire one.

238 pp. \$1.00 net. Forbes &amp; Company, Chicago.

IN LOVE WITH NATURE, Edwin Elmore Jacobs, D.Sc.

There is a message of delight in this small volume for every true lover of nature. It is a most alluring and acceptable invitation to go into the great out-of-doors and get a closer view of the unending beauties of form and color that are presented there; to listen to the sweet voices of the birds; to breathe in the perfume of the flowers and trees and to be guided amidst all these pleasurable experiences by one who is familiar with every step of the way. There are brief sketches of birds, their flight, songs, coloration and nests; and short chapters that speak eloquently of flowers, autumn leaves and colors.

64 pp. 40 cents. Published by the Author, Ashland, Ohio.

## MULE WORKS 24 HOURS A DAY

An interested reader in Los Angeles sends us the following clipping from the *Daily Record* of that city, which we republish without comment:

By FRED L. BOALT

Franklin, Wash., April 11.—There is no room in business for sentimental nonsense.

If you are to show a balance on the right side of the ledger, you cannot be over-careful of the lives of men or the comfort of mules.

Being a practical man, I am led to make these observations after visiting the Cannon mine.

When I reached the mouth of the mine I met Toby, the Slav mule-skinner, and Bess, his mule.

Never have I seen such a ramshackle animal as this rack of bones. Her wobbly legs were swollen and bleeding. Her emaciated body a mass of harness sores. Her mangy hide, stretched tight as a drum-head, showed every bone. Between bones were deep cavities where flesh should have been. She had just strength enough left to drag the cars.

"Some mule," I observed.

Toby, the tow-head, regarded his beast without pride.

"Bess be tired," he said.

We talked. It seemed Bess was once a fine and prideful mule. Good mules cost money. Mule experts disagree as to which of two policies brings the best returns on an investment in mules.

Some say the better policy is to feed a mule well and work it reasonable hours, for then it will live long.

**But the Pacific Coast Coal Co. has found that mules are tough and hard to kill, and that if you work a mule 24 hours a day it will, while it lasts, do the work of three mules working eight-hour shifts.**

Bess, Toby told me, had worked four months, 24-hour shifts! It's hard to believe that even a mule could stand it. And on a diet of hay at that!

**Toby said Bess snatched 10-minute naps, STANDING UP, between trips!**

## AFFECTIONATE HERONS

No other bird shows conjugal affection in quite the same way as the brown backed herons of Andalusia in Spain. Whenever the husband relieves his wife at the nest he invariably lays his neck over hers in a momentary embrace and then takes up his position while the other bird flies away.

## IN MEMORY OF SEA-GULLS

**G**REAT events in the history of the country often have been fittingly commemorated in bronze and marble, but the monument to the sea-gull, unveiled a few months ago in a beautiful park in Salt Lake City, is probably the best expression of man's appreciation of the services of birds.

The reason for thus honoring the sea-gull, which many readers of *Our Dumb Animals* may not know, dates far back to the year 1848 when the first settlers of the Salt Lake Valley were in dire distress over the invasion of grasshoppers which threatened the destruction of the crops and even all vegetation. Like a mighty army advanced the winged pests with no known earthly power to offer them resistance. So swift was their approach that the settlers themselves had no time to flee but awaited the ravaging hordes, almost panic-stricken at the thought of starvation which must be their quick and certain end. It was then that the gulls, of which there were thousands a few miles away on the lake, sensed or sighted the locust army and gathered to attack it. With rallying cries they seemed to come from every direction, swirled down upon the insects and devoured them by the millions. The work of destruction continued for several days, the sea-gulls gorging themselves upon the grasshoppers until the latter were completely annihilated.

And so the Utah pioneers were filled with gratitude for the providential aid of the sea-gulls, and when after half a century their descendants were asked to contribute to a memorial which should mark the great service of these birds, they responded in the liberal amount of \$40,000.

The monument consists of a granite shaft fifteen feet high, on top of which rests a great ball, and on this two gulls, in gilded bronze, are in the act of alighting. The pedestal bears four historic bronze plaques, in relief, and is surrounded by a fountain forty feet in diameter, in which goldfish disport themselves and lilies and other water plants are growing. It is a splendid object-lesson of mankind's dependence upon the birds and its indebtedness to them.

## QUICK WORK OF THE CAMERA

The attractive bird illustration shown below was made from a print on Wellington Enamobromide, negative on Wellington 'Xtra Speedy Plate.



"When vesper impulse thrills their hearts, the little birds all face the sun"

## TO YOGI

A SMOKE-BLUE PERSIAN

Golden eyes in a furry face,  
Pointed ears of smoky hue,  
Agile body, full of grace,  
Clothed in coat of velvet-blue.  
Dainty paws—one would assume  
They could only stroke, not spring!  
Tail a proudly-waving plume,  
Glossy as a blackbird's wing.

Cat, within your golden eyes  
What a mystery I find!  
As I watch you looking wise  
How I'd like to read your mind.  
To old Egypt's desert sand  
Does your dreaming fancy roam?  
Or to far-off Persian land  
Where, long since, you made your home?

Though you purr beneath my hand,  
Sleep, sometimes, upon my knee,  
I shall never understand  
Your eternal mystery.  
Playful, cruel, dignified,  
Ever-young—yet ages old,  
All the world's great secrets hide,  
Cat, within your eyes of gold!

KATHLYN RHODES in *T P's Weekly*.

## A SELF-INVITED GUEST

By HENRIETTE EUGENIE DELAMARE

I AM a lover of all living creatures, but specially of birds, and had suffered real anguish of spirit through staying in a house where the much loved and spoiled family cat was constantly catching the poor birdies and destroying their nests. So when a short time later I was able to have a home of my very own, I determined that it should be free from cats and that I would have a bird table, nesting boxes, and everything I could think of to attract my little feathered friends. But alas for the futility of human plans! I had thought that there was nothing to prevent my carrying these out, but Tommy decided otherwise.

Tommy was just a common short-haired cat, though a fine one I must admit, large, with handsome tabby marked coat, a broad, intelligent face, quiet and dignified manners and a strength of will that seemed unconquerable. I have heard people say of their pets that they could do everything but talk. Tommy could do even that, not by using the words of any particular language, it is true, but by the look in his eyes, the expression of his whole person from the tip of his nose to the end of his tail, as well as by his finely modulated mews. It was no good pretending one didn't understand him, for you simply *couldn't* help doing so.

One day, when I came in from my teaching, I found him sitting on my doorstep as if it belonged to him, evidently expecting to be let in. Now, though I highly disapprove of the bird-catching propensities of cats, I am very fond of them, indeed it would cut me to the heart to be unkind to any dumb animal. So I endeavored to explain to him as politely as I could that he had made a mistake and that not only was my house *not* his home, but that it was a place from which all cats were excluded. But he wouldn't hear of all this and plainly told me that he had invited himself to the place. He rubbed against me coaxingly, purred, and said as plainly as possible:

"Hurry up, dear, and let me in. I've been waiting long enough."

With great difficulty I hardened my heart, and telling myself he was by no means a neglected or starved-looking cat I shut him out and tried to forget him. Then he mewed so loud and pitifully that it made me wretched, so I got him a bowl of bread and milk, thinking to compromise. He ate it all up, but kept on sitting there gazing at the door-knob and continuing to mew, now



THE PERSISTENT "TOMMY"

pitifully, now indignantly. Was I going to be conquered by a cat? Not I. So I steeled myself against him and went out and "shooed" him, though with an aching heart, I must admit. He looked reproachfully astonished, moved a few steps, then came back.

I was almost a prisoner, for I dreaded to open my door. Whenever I did so, there he was, waiting for me, receiving me with effusive marks of affection and looking pleadingly up into my face with eyes that said: "I need a friend and you are the one I have chosen. Please let me come in; I have no other home."

For nearly twenty-four miserable hours he thus lay siege to my heart and home and, at last, in desperation, I capitulated unconditionally and let him in. He marched in, taking possession with his quiet dignity of manner, inspected all the premises, thanked me with no end of purring, contented mewing, and affectionate rubbing against me. Then having satisfactorily accomplished all this, he selected the largest, most comfortable and be-cushioned rocker in the sitting-room and decided it should henceforth be his. Ever after, if friends or pupils came in and were so bold as to take it, he would go and sit beside them, glaring indignantly and mewing as if to say: "What do you *mean* by taking my seat?"

He was most affectionate, well behaved, and intensely methodical in all his ways, going out at certain times and returning equally punctually. He may have caught birds when away on his rambles, but never troubled them in my presence, and seemed too dignified and well bred to do such a thing. So we lived on happily together for several months, and I found it very pleasant to have my little friend so constantly with me. But here comes the wonderful part of my story.

One chilly evening in October he failed to

return at his usual hour and I was anxious about him, fearing he might have been poisoned or run over or otherwise injured. I called and called in the garden, and wandered in all the neighborhood, looking for him. I even sat up much later than usual hoping he might still come home. How regretfully I remembered that first day when I had shooed him away! how I now longed to hear his expressive mew! But no Tommy returned and I finally went to bed feeling very anxious and depressed.

Several days passed and I had given up all hope of ever seeing him again when one afternoon I heard his familiar call and fairly rushed to open the door for him. You can just fancy what a fuss I made over him! He seemed as delighted to see me again as I was to greet him, and purred and rubbed against me endlessly. This done he got on his favorite seat, settled himself down and evidently gave me a detailed account of his adventures in a long series of mews.

Then, to my utter astonishment, at the end of about half an hour he got down from his chair, went to the door, mewed for me to open it, purred and rubbed against me, then walked out again and disappeared down the street. It was several days before he returned and when he did so he had on quite a handsome collar. He made another call of about half an hour, greeting me most affectionately, then sitting on his chair and talking loud and continuously. And so he kept on coming for a considerable time, always looking sleek and well cared for, always affectionate and communicative, and as winning as ever. But little by little his calls became shorter and less frequent, and finally I lost sight of him altogether.

I came to the conclusion that he must have been one of those pet cats so cruelly left behind by their owners during the holidays. Instead of wandering about starving, he had very sensibly selected what he felt would be a quiet and comfortable home and had *insisted* on being taken in there. Then, when his own people returned, he had gone back to them, but had made me those periodical calls to show me his affection and gratitude for having helped him in his hour of need. Isn't this a wonderful example of the sagacity of our dear little friend, the cat? I only wish all poor forsaken pussies might find as comfortable a home as he had during the long absence of his so-called friends.

## HOMES FOR LOST CATS AND DOGS

Dear *Our Dumb Animals*:

A friend tells me this incident about Dr. William O. Stillman, president of the American Humane Association.

A kitten hung around his office steps in Albany, New York, one morning, and finally tried to climb into his sleigh. The good man plainly saw that it wished to be adopted, and took it in.

No neighbor had lost a kitten, so Dr. Stillman spoke of the matter to the newspapers. One hundred persons asked for the little cat! The homes were investigated, and weeks ago the list was entirely exhausted. The kitten is now in a fine home, and if she could realize it, would be thankful that she was the cause of good homes for others.

This shows how homes can be found for many a homeless cat or dog, if we will make a little effort. Last week a one-line advertisement in a Cleveland paper asked a home for a lost female fox terrier. Nineteen persons responded. Our Humane Society advertised that it would give a St. Bernard and a mastiff to good homes. Many persons cannot well keep a large dog, but seventy-five asked for the dogs.

How much better than to kill them!

Sincerely,

SARAH K. BOLTON,

Cleveland, Ohio.

# CHILDREN'S PAGE

## IF

By ETHEL HALLETT PORTER

IF I were a wee, black kitten,  
And you were a big red ball,  
How we'd romp our way  
Through the long, bright day,  
With never a care at all!  
How we'd gambol and play  
In a careless way  
Through attic, and chamber, and hall!

If you were a playful puppy,  
And I were a shabby shoe,  
How we'd scamper and skip,  
Helter-skelter, flop, flip,  
In a game of our own, quite new;  
With a bob and a dip,  
And a hop and a skip,  
In a rollicking game for two!

## BE FAIR TOWARDS THE ANIMALS



IT is far more pleasant for every boy or girl to be kind rather than cruel towards animals. It is easier and better to go on in life feeling that you are on friendly terms with all the dumb creatures about you. Remember that you should treat those under you as you would have those above you treat you. If you keep any pets, remember that their wants should be regularly attended to; if it is a dog, see that it has plenty of exercise and chain it up as little as you can. Do not forget to feed and keep clean any animal you may have in a cage, or better still refuse to keep any animal or bird in a cage. It is most selfish to keep any pet merely for the pleasure of hearing it sing or because it amuses you to watch its vain endeavors to escape from its close quarters and regain the freedom that is its birthright.

The trouble of caring for animals is nothing compared to the pleasure of their friendship and the knowledge which you can get by cultivating them. You can learn far more about the birds, animals or insects, by watching them in the fields and woods than you can by making prisoners of them, and it is most unfair to punish any innocent creature by depriving it of its liberty.

If you or your friends want to collect, collect pictures of animals; stories about animals; collect stories telling of kindness to animals. You will then be learning without making any living thing suffer, and the satisfaction you will have in feeling that you are friendly with every creature around you will bring the greatest happiness into your own life.

## FLAG SALUTE

Hail! Hail to thee! thou flag of the free;  
Our souls are emblazoned with honor to thee!  
All hail to thy mission, wherever unfurled,  
Of Peace, Love and Justice, throughout the whole world;  
Our minds and our bodies we pledge unto thee,  
A band of true workers for world's harmony.

## A POPULAR POODLE DOG



HERE is Miss Margaret Parsons of Darby, Pennsylvania, a little Band of Mercy girl, who with "Toodles" had her picture taken for *Our Dumb Animals*. Toodles is a pure-blooded French poodle, three and a half years old, who makes his home with Mr. and Mrs. Ratcliffe. He is a very intelligent doggie and likes to perform several amusing and clever tricks. He is a great favorite with the children of the neighborhood and, as can be readily seen, is most friendly with Miss Margaret. Do you not think that this is so because Band of Mercy girls are kind and for this reason are loved by all their pets?

## HOW A FLORIDA LAD LEADS A HAPPY LIFE

By IVAN P. JORDAN

IT is an amusing sight to watch little thirteen-year-old Paul Rasch of Punta Gorda, Florida, give an exhibition with his pets, of which he has so many.

His chickens consist of about ten varieties, ducks of about six varieties, of which some are the common wild duck. Rabbits of numerous kinds, pigeons, guinea-pigs, cats, dogs and one pony—these make up his menagerie.

Each pet is named and each knows its name. Paul can call any one and it will come to see what its master wants.

Amongst his collection is a queer hen, which attracts considerable attention. She has a large bunch of feathers on her head, called a top-knot, and three toes. He has given this curious fowl the name of Kotton Tot.

He is exceedingly kind to his large family and when asked which pet he likes the best it is impossible for him to tell.

Visitors from all over the country are attracted by this small boy's big collection, which is well worth seeing.

## FROM A VERMONT BOY

To the Editor:

MY name is Billy Cobb and I live on a stock farm in Vermont. I have some prize hens and a rooster of my own which I feed and water. We have about 5000 White Leghorns, and it is such fun when the little chicks come out of the incubators!

I enclose a picture of me and my rooster. Perhaps you would like to print it in your paper. When I talk to my rooster like this, he kisses me. I love animals and I enjoy your paper awfully much.

Yours truly,

BILLY COBB,

Sunridge Farm, Woodstock, Vt.





## Veterinary Column

**Question:** My fox terrier, six years old, has been paralyzed in the hind quarters for a week or more. He is unable to stand and drags his body. What can I do for him? P. L.

**Answer:** The condition you describe would suggest one of several diseases. There may be an injury to the spinal cord, the result of extreme violence. Cases of this kind have often developed as the result of chronic constipation. Under the conditions it is advisable for you to consult a competent veterinarian in your vicinity and give the dog a thorough examination. It is very essential to do this at the earliest possible moment.

**Question:** I should like to know the cause of ringbone and also how to treat it. L. J.

**Answer:** There are two forms of ringbone, namely, high ringbone and low ringbone. The low ringbone involves the articulation in the region of the top of the hoof, the high ringbone above the hoof. Stimulating applications to hasten the termination of the growth have been in some cases successful in the treatment of high ringbone. Low ringbones crowd the bony structure of the hoof to such an extent as to continually cause pain and lameness. Treatment is absolutely of no avail. When a low ringbone is accompanied by lameness the animal should be humanely destroyed.

**Question:** I have had a number of calves affected with scours. It has proved fatal in several cases. Would be very glad to learn of a good cure. Subscriber.

**Answer:** Scours or diarrhoea affecting young calves is generally the result of infection of the alimentary canal. It may be due to the presence of bacteria. Therefore, an intestinal antiseptic is advisable. One of the best I know of is Sulphocarbolates Compound, prepared by Abbott Alkaloidal Co. of Chicago. Order a bottle of 100 through your local druggist. Dissolve one of these tablets in a very small amount of warm water, add that to a cup of the cow's milk and give to the calf every 2 hours, until benefited. As a rule five or six doses are usually sufficient. Sometimes scouring is due to the mother's condition, therefore her general health should be looked after carefully. Would suggest giving her a few of the tablets also.

**Note:** The Society's veterinarian will be glad to answer questions relative to the treatment of sick or injured animals. Replies will be published whenever practicable.

### RECEIPTS BY THE MASSACHUSETTS S. P. C. A. FOR APRIL, 1914

Bequest of Mrs. Anne M. Sargent, in part, \$387; Mrs. Elbridge Torrey, \$100; Mrs. L. N. Kettle, \$100; "E. A. H.," \$58.05; Mrs. Annette T. Hittinger, \$25; In memory of a faithful little Yorkshire terrier, "Sprite Tanner," for the Angell Memorial, \$25; Elisha Gunn, \$25; Lester Leland, \$25; Edward M. Brewer, \$20; Mrs. A. S. Porter, Jr., \$15; Mrs. M. Hemenway, \$10; Mrs. Geo. M. DuBois, "in loving memory of my dear little cats," for the Angell Memorial, \$10; Mrs. Anna R. Wright, \$10; Mrs. Ada F. Foster, \$10; G. Frank Adams, \$10; Mrs. Lucretia F. Flagg, \$10; Mrs. Eliza W. Frost, \$10; Mrs. Sarah J. Bull, \$10; "a friend," for the Angell Memorial, \$10; Miss Nellie Griggs, \$8; C. F. Farwell, \$7; Sharon, Mass., Band of Mercy, for the Angell Memorial, \$6.65; P. C. Fitzpatrick, \$3; D. H. Seione, \$3; Mrs. Clara M. Ripley, \$3; Dr. J. B. Atwater, \$3; Mrs. J. D. Raymond, \$3; Mrs. A. L. Sessions, \$3; Miss A. J. Johnson, \$1.50; Miss N. L. Miller, \$1.35; Boys' Charity Club, for the Angell Memorial, \$1.03; Mrs. Alice Hayward, \$0.50; L. W. Lamp, \$0.50.

### FIVE DOLLARS EACH

Smith Transfer Co., Mrs. C. E. Childs, Mrs. W. W. Lee, Judge Barrett, Geo. E. Whipple, W. T. Smith, "in memory of David S. Smith," G. W. Prentiss, J. G. MacIntosh, Wm. Skinner & Sons, Holyoke Belting Co., E. D. Lamb, Prentiss, Brooks Co., E. H. Wilkinson, National B. Co., "a friend," Miss Susan Arnold, Mrs. Carrie R. Adams, A. H. Goetting, L. H. Scott, N. E. Card & Paper Co., Mrs. M. M. Atwater, A. B. Wallace, Mrs. Dexter Smith, "a friend," Mrs. J. A. Barri, Mrs. J. H. Appleton, M. P. Knowlton, The Misses Stebbins, Mrs. N. W. Fiske, Peter & Murray, A. Steiger & Co., Wm. D. Swan, The Norton Co., Mrs.

Daniel Simonds, S. L. Haynes, John A. Nichols, H. A. Moses, G. Haaman & Co., John T. Way, Mrs. Geo. D. Howe, Mrs. C. E. Woodworth, Mrs. Dr. Germain, Mrs. D. D. Sledge, "cash," Miss Hattie E. Smith, Miss Emily Gray, Miss Harriet S. Tolman, Miss Bertha Frost.

### TWO DOLLARS EACH

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